Flashback

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An Italian Professor's First Impressions of 1905 Fayetteville

Antonio and Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

Washington County Historical Society

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Preserving our past for future generations

Volume 71 Summer 2021 Number 2

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On the cover:
In 1905 Antonio Marinoni came to Fayetteville to teach at the University of Arkansas, leaving his Italian immigrant parents in New York. Three years later, he was joined by his new bride, Rosa Zagnoni. He taught 39 years at the university as a professor of romance languages; Rosa wrote poetry and in 1953 was named the poet laureate of Arkansas.

First Impressions of Fayetteville in 1905:
An Italian Professor Finds His "American Dream"

By John Marinoni

Winner of the 2020 WCHS Walter J. Lemke Prize for best article about the history of Fayetteville and Washington County.

The following selections are taken from a book written in Italian by University of Arkansas Professor Antonio Marinoni in 1932 about his experiences coming to America at the turn of the century. The book was published in Italy. His presumed readers would have been other Italians who had never been to America. Many years later, the book was translated and interpreted as to how he might have expressed his thoughts in English.

One of Professor Marinoni's grandsons, John Marinoni, was instrumental in completing the translation and final writing of the work as well as the following introduction and notes.

INTRODUCTION

By 1900, Antonio Marinoni had earned a degree from the University of Padua near Venice where he had studied the classical languages of Latin and Greek. For many years, his father had made his living working construction in various countries around the world, and perhaps this had given Antonio an interest in languages, especially those that had evolved from Latin.

His parents had been in America for several years, and now that he had graduated, they suggested that he come over to join them. He was fluent in several languages by then, but English was not one of them. The

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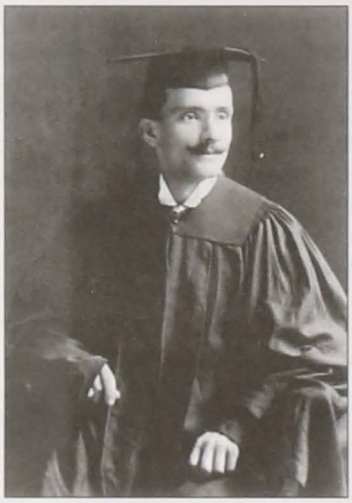
John Marinoni is the grandson of Professor Antonio Marinoni. Now retired from his construction company, he is regarded as the family historian. Marinoni has organized and scanned thousands of old photos and memorabilia dating to the late 1800s.



Antonio Marinoni in 1904 on his graduation from Yale University. Photo courtesy John Marinoni.

book has many interesting stories about how it was on board the crowded ship, the ordeal of Ellis Island, and the next several years as he struggled working menial jobs. He decided that the quickest way to learn English was by reading newspapers and magazines in a loud voice rather than the usual way of study and memorizing.

He quickly became fluent enough to teach a night class for other immigrants needing to learn English. A chance encounter with a recent Yale University graduate prompted him to look into the possibility of furthering his education there. At the time, he was living about an hour by train from New Haven, the location of Yale, and was fortunate to have a boss willing to give him time off to go look into the possibilities.

He arrived at Yale without a diploma or even a transcript. All he had were some copies of his homework from back in Padua. In just an afternoon's visit, he was able to make enough of an impression to be offered a scholarship. At the factory, his kind boss allowed him to work part time. His studies earned him an advanced degree from that prestigious university. Next, he taught at Columbia University for one year before landing a permanent position at the University of Arkansas.

Without that having happened, all the rest through the years would not have happened and even my life never would have been. Our story starts there.

Antonio Marinoni: First Impressions of Fayetteville in 1905

The University of Arkansas was seeking an assistant professor of romance languages,[1] and they had precisely targeted Columbia University. I had very good references to which were added the enthusiastic words of my Latin professor expounding on his love for Italy and anything Italian.

I knew that there would be competition from other well-qualified candidates, so I sent my application out to other universities at the same time just to be sure. Among the documents I sent to Arkansas was my photograph that I had made for this purpose.

At the time, I had a full mustache. Although they were not popular then, I thought it might serve to correct my skinny, youthful look and give the appearance of authority. Now, after so many years, when I look at that photo, I cannot help but laugh. It certainly must have made my judges wonder. Who knows, perhaps the mustache put them in a good mood and

helped them focus on me. After some correspondence back and forth, I was beginning to think that I might be in the forefront for this position.

In the oppressive heat of the summer, I had nothing to do while hundreds of thoughts haunted me. We had to keep the windows open because of the heat, and that made the noise of the elevated street worse than ever. I continued to live in the greatest of uncertainty. Sometimes, I thought that I might have to face the possibility of returning to whatever labor I could find so as not to be dependent on my parents.

The fifteenth of July, 1905, the day my life changed.

By this time, my father had returned from his job out of town. The day had been more unbearable than usual, and we went to bed at 10 with the hope of putting an end to it more quickly. It was just about 11 o'clock when we heard a knock on our door. I jumped up in an instant. Surely, none of us were in trouble for anything. *Dio buono! Chi sarà?* Good God! Who can it be? What has happened? There were no mortal sins to be remembered. We were all out of bed and asking each other if any of us knew who could be bothering us at this hour. "Who is it?" I shouted through the door. A voice on the other side replied in a matter of fact tone, "Telegram!"

A telegram? From whom? What could it be? My mother and father were both in the apartment with me, and I had no other relatives anywhere in the world that were close enough to send me a telegram no matter what the reason might be. Finally, my father said *"Ma, va dunque a vedere!"* That is, "Well, let's go see," as he went to the door.

The telegram was addressed to me alone, and that caused me great concern. I gave my father a look that said, "Oh no, what have I done!" Then I saw it was from the dean at the University of Arkansas. It occurred to me that they would not send me a rejection by telegram. This might be the answer to my dream, I thought. I opened it, and my eyes took possession of the precious words while my two old parents waited anxiously.

It seemed like a long telegram, but it was only two lines. It was the most important telegram my life. It read: "We offer a permanent position of Assistant Professor of Romance Languages at a salary of xxxxxxxxx[2]. If you agree, telegram your acceptance at once and prepare to take office by September 1st."

It was like having the winning ticket for the English Derby. I almost jumped for joy into the arms of my *Salvatore* who had delivered the telegram. My mother was laughing, and her face shone with emotion. My father curled his mustache in *compiacenza*.[3] He was speechless. Then he said in a quiet voice with great pride, *"Toni t'e fat l'America,"* which was, "Toni, you have made America," or literally, "Toni, you've made it!"

Like my father said, I had achieved the American dream – or at least my American dream. I had finally reached my goal. It was not the fantastic dream my pharmacist friend back in Brooklyn thought I should aspire to, and to tell the truth, it was not even the one that my father had

dreamed of the night of my first and only oratory triumph at a political meeting. It was my humble goal, and it was sufficient to satisfy my cravings and ambitions.

I needed to be in Arkansas the first of September, but I always worried about what can happen on such a long trip. I decided to arrive about eight days ahead of time. I thought that arriving early would make a good impression, since obviously one would need to get settled and organized before classes started.

The state of Arkansas is about 2,500 kilometers [about 1,550 miles] from New York City, and to get there took me three days by train through a third of the vast North American continent. I boarded the train early in the morning with my parents there to see me off. My father was enthusiastic about my good luck while my mother was trying to hold back the tears behind her smiles. I was full of confidence, and they were both happy to see me leaving for my new destiny.

Since an early age, I had wanted to see the American countryside. The early train would give me the chance to see the country where my adventure was leading me. From a map, it appeared to be a monotonous endless plain, but what I found was the florid exuberance of agriculture that constitutes so much of the country's wealth. When I saw the evening shadows getting longer, I got off the train to spend the night before darkness surrounded the beautiful scenery.

The second stop was in St. Louis where I spent the night. The following day was the most attractive part of my long trip. I boarded the train that morning with a certain pleasure, not only because I was approaching my destination, but because I had been assured by my friends in New York that this would be a picturesque part of America. Most of the day, my face was stuck against the window looking for Indian villages with the Indians wearing feathers in their hair. The country that passed before my eyes, however, was vibrant and wealthy. The towns all looked like typical American towns, and they followed each other at monotonous intervals without any variation. I kept thinking about reading Aymard when I was younger, in which he spoke of Arkansas as a land of the Redskins, but all the people I could see from the train were white Americans. As we were getting closer to the border of Arkansas, the view kept increasing in beauty. There was a mixture of steep hills, thick woods and fertile valleys making this part of the country look like the most celebrated tourist areas of old Europe.

As the third night was approaching, the proximity to Fayetteville kept me from interrupting the trip with another stop. At 11 o'clock at night, I arrived at my destination. I stepped from the train, and I had my first look at Fayetteville, the home of the University of Arkansas, where I was to settle. My trip had taken 30 hours excluding the nights.

Author/Translator's Note:

Antonio's actual description of Fayetteville and its people in 1905 is important enough to local historians that we will include those paragraphs exactly the way he wrote them in Italian followed by our translation and interpretation. Also, a person fluent in Italian will appreciate seeing the professor's literary style of writing. Translation is one thing and interpretation of Antonio's meaning is quite another, and there will likely always be some differences of opinion. Many of his comments could be said several ways in English to get his meaning across, and sometimes, a literal translation would sound stilted or awkward in English and not the way we would ordinarily say it. Remember also, that he expects his readers to be Italians who have never been to America and who have no idea what a small American town in the South was like.

Antonio Marinoni Book Continues:

Incanto e seduzione del primo arrive in una cittadina sconosciuta nella quale già si sa che si dovrà passer tanta esistenza! Giunto alla Stazione, solo e inatteso, non so dire il sentimento che provai nel riconoscere il primo aspetto delle cose che avrebbero poi dovuto divenirmi tanto abituali.

Arriving in this unfamiliar town where I knew I would spend a very long time was both enchanting and seductive. I was alone when I got to the station.[4] No one was waiting for me. I do not know how to tell you what I felt exploring for the first time things that eventually would become so habitual.

Uscii dalla Stazione cercando di darmi l'aria più di casa di questo mondo, e mi guardai attorno prima di avventurarmi al mio destino, mirando la cittadina linda e tranquilla che si distendeva nell'incantevole scenario dei suoi frondosi viali.

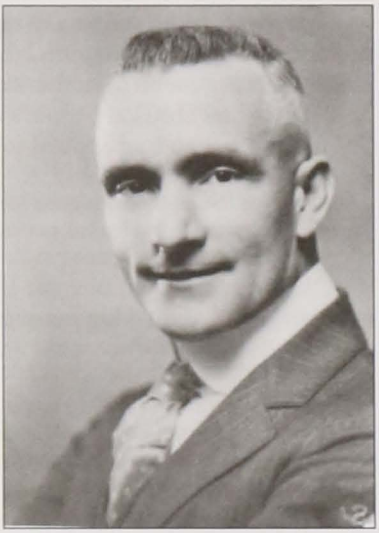
I stepped out of the station to get a breath of fresh air. I wanted to acclimate myself to this new world. I looked around before venturing on to my destination, looking at the pretty, quiet town that expanded before me with enchanting scenery and leafy avenues.[5]

E quando me ne fui saturato da quella prima soglia, presi una vecchia vettura traballante e mi feci condurre all'Albergo, ove segnai, non senza una certa trepidazione, il mio nome. Poi, siccome intorno era tutto silenzio, mi ritirai io pure nella mia stanza.

And when I was saturated with that first threshold, I took a rickety old horse-drawn carriage to the hotel.[6] I signed my name not without a certain trepidation.[7] The lobby was completely silent, so I went up to my room.

Prima lontana notte di Fayetteville, che dolce dormire! La mattina uscii per tempo a completare la mia scoperta della città. M'apparve subito il tipico borgo del sud, le residenze tutte sparse tra il verde intorno al nucleo central: l'Ufficio Postale nel centro della piazza quadrata, tutta cinta torno torno di negozi e pur rallegrata, come ogni altra strada di freschi alberi e di aiuole. Un'area da città di centomila abitanti, pei tremila o poco più che poteva contare allora Fayetteville.

How sweetly I slept that first long ago night in Fayetteville! The next morning, I went out for a while to complete my exploration of the town. It immediately appeared to me like the typical village of the South. The houses were all scattered among the green neighborhoods surrounding the central nucleus. The post office was in the center of the downtown square,[8] and that was surrounded by a belt of stores one next to the other which seemed to welcome all the other streets with their lush trees and flower beds. The area of the city could have had 100,000 inhabitants instead of the 3,000 or less counted in Fayetteville at that time.



Portrait of Antonio Marinoni, likely taken about 1921. Photo courtesy John Marinoni.

Se non s'incontravano penne di Indiani per le vie, pur notai subito qualche diversità nella gente. Essa m'appariva tutt'altra nei modi, nel fare e nel parlare, di quella così nervosa e perpetuamante agitata del Est, dove si assume inconsciamente una posizione di eterna difesa contro qualcuno; fenomeno forse acuito dai perpetui flussi e reflussi etnici e da una più accanita lotta per la vita.

Even though I did not encounter any Indians in the streets, I quickly noticed some differences in the people. There was a difference in the way they acted and the way they talked compared to the nervous and perpetually agitated ways of the East where everyone subconsciously assumes a position of self-defense against everybody else. This is a phenomenon perhaps exacerbated by the constant ebb and flow of immigrants and by the necessity of a more fierce struggle for life.

Qui la gente camminava più calma, parlava più pecata, si fermava volontieri agli incontri, ispirava un senso di maggior confidenza. E questo, a chi era capitato solo e sconosciuto in mezzo ad essa, dava un senso di infinito conforto.

Here, the people walked more calmly, spoke more quietly and would voluntarily stop and visit with people they encountered, inspiring a sense of confidence. This gave a great deal of comfort to a person like me who was alone and not familiar with the town.

M'incamminai verso l'Università per vederlo al di fuori senza farmi riconoscer da alcuno. Immaginavo che in un centro come quello di Fayetteville, anche il mio arrive dovesse costituire un avvenimento di qualche conto, e seppi poi che il gironale locale aveva acuito la curiosità della gente scrivendo, e come al solito abbellendo assai la verità di questo straniero che doveva arrivare per occupare una cattedra all'Università.

I walked to the university to see it from the outside without getting noticed by anyone. I imagined that in a town like Fayetteville, my arrival constituted an event of some importance. I later learned that the local newspaper had aroused people's curiosity by embellishing the truth about this foreigner who had arrived to occupy a chair at the university.

> Nessuno forse mi sospettava, eppure sentivo, passando, gli occhi della gente fissi sopra di me ma fissi al modo riservato e per nulla impacciante degli Americani, cosi diverso dal paesano (ficcar gli occhi addosso) dei nostri luoghi.

Nobody suspected me, but I could sense the eyes of people staring at me walking around. They were looking at me in the reserved way Americans do which is so different from the nosy way of the people of our country.

> Avevo ancora I miei baffi (e come scioccamente ci tenevo!) e camminavo trionfalmente dietro di essi, sentendo in quell'alone che mi circondava, germinare l'eterna domanda della curosità insoddisfatta: Chi sarà?

I still had my mustache, and how silly it was that I wanted it! I never the less proceeded confidently among the people sensing an aura of curiosity surrounding me with the eternal question that was never satisfied: "Who might he be?"

> Seppi presto che nessun'altro dell'Università aveva avuto la mia fretta e che pertanto nessun college o scolaro era ancor giunto in città.

I soon realized that nobody at the university seemed to be in a hurry because school was not in session, and not many teachers or students were in town.

> La Domenica mi recai alla Messa e la domanda che da qualche giorno era su tutte le bocche e in tutti gli occhi nei quali m'imbattessi per via, la sentii silenziosamente ripetere da cento sguardi: Ma chi sarà?

On Sunday, I went to Mass and the question that had been in every mouth and in every eye that had seen me, was silently repeated with hundreds of glances: "But, who can he be?"

> Forse otto giorni passaron così e non dico i più belli, ma certo essi furono i più singolari della mia vita a Fayetteville.

Perhaps eight days passed that way, and I'm not saying that they were the most beautiful, but certainly they were the most extraordinary of my life in Fayetteville.

> Venne finalmente il mattino della mia presentazione officiale al Rettore dell'Università. Egli mi accolse con la maggior cordialità, parlandomi affabilmente come ad un vecchio amico e assicurandomi che avrei fatto a tutti la stessa buona impression che facevo a lui.

Finally, the morning arrived for my official introduction to the vice-chancellor of the University. He welcomed me with the utmost cordiality, talking to me affably as to an old friend and assuring me that every-

one would have the same good impression that he had upon meeting me.[9]

> Quando in città si seppe chi ero, la prima curiosità per lo sconosciuto si tramutò in una visibile simpatia pel nuovo arrivato, simpatia che non tardò a spianarmi la via ad ogni sorta di conoscenze.

When everyone in town got to know who I was, the initial curiosity about the unknown changed into a visible sympathy for the new arrival, sympathy that before long, smoothed the way for every sort of thing I needed to know.

> Ero il primo Italiano che capitasse a insegnare a quell'Università, benchè di Italiani ve ne fossero capitati altri, come studenti e come residenti occasionali a Fayetteville. Ma di Italiani titolati, di Italiani che andassero ad esercitar un grado da quelli parti, ero il primo.

I was the first Italian to teach at that University. There had been other Italian students and occasional residents, but as far as titled Italians, Italians with any rank, I was the first one.

> E s'intuisce facilmente che la volontà di non scomparire nel confronto coi pochi altri stranieri che insegnavano all'Università, era in me fortissimo. Questa qualità originaria e, diremo così, esotica di Italiano, fu quell ache più facilmente mi aperse le porte dell'ambiente mondano della città.

It is easy to understand my motivation to not be overshadowed by the few other foreigners who were teaching at the university. For me, it was *"fortissimo."* I would have to say that this native quality, this exotic Italian quality easily opened doors for me to the everyday life of the town.

> Due signorine che erano state in Europa ed, avendo viaggiato L'Italia, ne erano tornate piene dell suo sole e delle sue memorie, vollero conoscermi. E fu per mezzo loro che potei stringere relazioni d'amicizia con questo così accogliente mondo Americano, improntato alla cordialità particolare del Sud, così in contrasto con la sostenutezza dell'Est, ove il troppo eterogeneo elemento straniero fa rimaner naturalmente sul "qui vive" di fronte a qualunque sconosciuto.

There were two young ladies who had been in Europe and had visited Italy. They had returned tanned by her sun and full of her memories, and they wanted to meet me. It was through them that I started creating friendly relationships in this very cozy American world of hospitality particular to the South. This was in contrast with the stiffness of the East where the foreign element has a natural tendency to stay on the defensive around anyone they do not know.

There was only one obstacle that presented itself since my arrival, and that was my name. Pronunciation of plain words is not the forte of the Anglo-Saxon population in general and of Americans in particular. There is a vague similarity of my name (Marinoni) and perhaps the only word that they knew of our language. The reader can easily guess what that is. Linguistic distinction can be difficult, but I did not care for it whether serious or facetious. It was a necessary distinction for everyone

but especially for me as a professor teaching the secrets and dangers of similar sounding words. Therefore, to avert a lot of problems once classes started, there was a compromise. Considering my privileged position as the only Italian of some importance in the region, I did not want to worry about any misunderstandings and decided to be called simply *"Signor."* Once christened with that much easier name, there was never a reason to go back or to complete it as *"Signor Marinoni."* My last name almost never needed to be pronounced by anyone again. It has been almost 30 years now, and for all friends, colleagues, and students in the city and round the state, wherever I have acquaintances, relationships, or business, I am known as *"Signor."*

> Quando cominciarono i corsi, tutto procedè a gonfie vele. La studentesca era quanto mai avessi potuto desiderare di più gentile, ed i Colleghi di più accogliente. Come a New York, molti dei miei discepoli potevano avere su per giù la mia età, ma pur qui riscontrai, anzi riscontrai a maggior ragione, quell senso di cavelleresca deferenza che, anzichè far di una sostanziale parità una ragione di pericolosa confidenza, ne faceva una di più spiccato omaggio.

When the courses began, everything proceeded as a ship with "billowed sails." The students were as well mannered as ever I could want, and my colleagues were very welcoming. As in New York, many of my students were more or less my age, but here I could really see a spirit of camaraderie and a sense of chivalry rather than reckless over-confidence. Here, there was a stronger school spirit and homage for their school.[10]

> Tutto sommato, L'ambiente mi piaceva immensamente, più qui che nell'Est, e le lettere che ne scrivevo ai miei genitori ridondavano di tutto il mio entusiasmo. La gioia dei poveri vecchi era colma.

All in all, I loved the environment a lot more than back in the East. The letters I wrote to my parents were filled with all my enthusiasm. The poor old folks were overflowing with gladness.

> I mesi passarono così lietamente e la fine dell'anno scolastico giunse quasi più con rammarico che con letizia. Ma anche a questo punto m'attendeva la mia buona sorte per un'aggiunta insperata di favori. Si trattava di riordinare il Dipartimento delle Lingue Moderne nel quale erano state fin allora comprese le Lingue e la Letteratura neo-latine.

Months passed by happily, and the end of the scholastic year arrived almost with regret rather than gladness. But even at this point, more unexpected good fortune was waiting for me. It was decided to reorganize the Department of Modern Languages, which until then had included only the Neo-Latin languages and literatures.

> Il titolare unico del Dipartimento partiva per altra destinazione e, partendo, proponeva la subddivisione della Facoltà nei tre distinti Dipartimenti di Lingua e Letteratura Inglese, Lingua e Letteratura Tedesca, Lingue e Letterature Neo-latine.

The chairman of the department was leaving for another destination

and had proposed subdividing the faculty into three distinct departments: English Language and Literature, German Language and Literature and Neo-Latin Language and Literatures.

> Io avevo tenuta quest'ultima cattedra e dovevo averlo fatto con soddisfazione del Superiore se questi, lasciandoci, caldeggiò apertamente il mio nome per la direzione del terzo reparto.

I was given the chairmanship of the last department. I must have done everything to the satisfaction of my superior, because he had given me a glowing recommendation for the direction of this third department.

> E così avvenne. Etrato come Professore Assistente a una cattedra ed esperimentatovi come Ordinario, ne uscivo Titolare del Dipartimento che ne nasceva. La mia posizione, ormai sicura, si consolidava, e sotto questo rapprto, la (mia) America era fatta sul serio.

And so it happened. I entered as an Assistant Professor and got my experience as an *"Ordinario"* and before long a new Department Head was born. My position had already been secure from the start but now, my "American Dream" had truly been reached.

> Così ripartii per New York, nella pienezza della mia gioia. Non solo potevo dirmi sicuro del mio avvenire, ma liberato dal pungolo delle necessità quotidiane, mi si prospettava dinanzi la possibilità di dedicarmi senza ansie ai miei studi diletti. E per di più potevo portare ai miei vecchi il dono insperato di quella promozione solenne che ad un tempo mi arrotondava la borsa e mi lusingava l'orgoglio.

So it was that I returned to New York filled with satisfaction. Not only could I say I was secure in my future, but free from the problems of daily necessities. I had the prospect before me of dedicating myself to my beloved studies without any anxiety. Moreover, I could bring my old parents the unexpected gift of that distinguished promotion that rounded the wallet and flattered my pride.

My story could end right here, but something else was still missing. There were things that are very essential to the tranquility and happiness of life, and they were yet to be settled.

Author/Translator's Note:

An effort was made to research the newspapers on microfilm in the Fayetteville library to find an article or comment about Antonio's arrival. Apparently, it was customary for a reporter to go to the train station to ask people where they were going or where they had been and to try to get any other detail the traveler would volunteer. Perhaps the travelers liked having their names in the "Personal" section of the paper. Going somewhere or having been somewhere even if it was just a few miles away was a much bigger thing than it is today. Sometimes, they would have a comment about what was going on wherever they had been. For example, there was a quote by Father Bandini telling the reporter that Tontitown was making great progress and that there was little sickness. (Father Pietro Bandini

Antonio and Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni pictured on the occasion of their marriage in 1908. Photo courtesy John Marinoni.

had been instrumental in helping his fellow Italians in the malaria infested Southeast part of Arkansas relocate to the higher and healthier farmlands of Northwest Arkansas.) That is why he commented about there being less sickness here. They had been in the area at that time for seven years.

Every issue would have a page of one-line comments about someone going somewhere just a few miles away to visit their grandparents, or someone getting back from somewhere just down the road where they had gone for business. There were other local interest things like "Aunt so and so" putting up apples again this year off the tree in her back yard. It was very quaint to read and makes one realize how different Fayetteville was in 1905. Some small town newspapers still do this. Imagine a reporter today hanging around the airport asking people personal questions and then having a full page about that in the newspaper. The comment Antonio referred to about him coming to assume the chair of a department was probably one of those one-liners, but it could not be located after several attempts by the editor. There was almost no mention of the University of Arkansas in the newspapers reviewed except for a long article in the September 21, 1905, issue about John Tillman being inaugurated as the president of the university and all the various speakers at the event. Although Antonio's arrival in Fayetteville was a monumental event in the Marinoni family history, it is doubtful that an adjunct professor arriving to teach at the university merited much more than a one-line comment. *The Democrat*, by the way, was just a weekly newspaper and came out on Thursdays. Physically, it was about the size of a school newspaper and usually only four pages.

The story goes on with Professor Marinoni going back to New York during the summer break to visit his parents. There is a very romantic story of him getting up the nerve to go and meet the prettiest Italian girl in New York. They courted that summer and he returned to the university in September. There was a long distance romance, and they were married the next summer and moved to Fayetteville.

Antonio Marinoni's Story Continues:

My father believed, and I agreed that I had achieved the American dream the night I got that telegram informing me that I had been appointed to the position as a professor at the University of Arkansas. He might have been right, because that telegram ensured my daily bread for the rest of my life. But now I had really found my American dream, the impossible dream of finding the love of my life. I had found my life companion. She was the ideal compliment [sic] to the happiness I had dreamt of and the perfect integration of my ego. She was dancing in my heart although still not yet all mine. She would become the mother for that nest we were building in the branches for the seeds that we would throw in the furrows.

Many years have passed from the time of this story. Now, my hair is no longer all black, but my heart still pulses in my breast with the same passion as then.[11] From this corner of my world, I turn to look back at the road I have traveled with no regrets. Perhaps I will recount the story of the years since then some other time. But now, looking back, I see that the apex of my American dream was reached the day I came back to Fayetteville with my faithful wife and companion, the beautiful Rosina Zagnoni.[12]

We built our home among the roses, and flowers were always blooming there. There were good times and sad times. Children came and grew up in modesty and goodness. We had many gifts from this land and from God. We adopted the American lifestyle necessary for work, but the first one invited at our table was always our *madre Italia*. For her were the most beautiful flowers of every season, and she was always on our lips. She was always in our thoughts and hearts even though we had moved far away. Like a lover, we dreamt of her in our hearts, but we knew that we would never really go back. We had put down roots in this new land, and the seeds brought from the old country that we had planted in her furrows were now growing. Our hearts were here now.

The love and gratitude for our new *Patria* has become an integral part of our lives. She has given us dignity and consistency while at the same time, we have been sustained and nurtured by the inexhaustible *linfa*[13] that comes from our country across the sea with the love and memories of our ideal childhood. America, the *Patria* of expatriates, this grand *seconda madre* of those best children who have abandoned their mothers to take refuge at her breast, appreciates this complex feeling of a double love for country. Unhappy is the one who forgets the country of their birth and shame on anyone who dishonors her.

Memories of past problems and tears are mixed together with memories of joy and happiness. The light of our dawn will forever shine in the depths of our hearts. It will be that light, when it is our hour, that will bring comfort and a smile to our last melancholy human sunset.

Author/Translator's Concluding Note:

Professor Antonio Marinoni and Rosa Zagnoni were married July 30, 1908, and moved to Fayetteville, Arkansas, along with her mother. (The father had died the previous summer.)

They became American citizens in 1913 according to the next national census. Immediately after the armistice was signed ending WWI, the University of Arkansas allowed Antonio to take several extended leaves of absence to return to Italy on assignment with the YMCA where he helped reestablish the educational system that had been a casualty of the war in many areas. His family joined him for six months for one of those sabbaticals. He was decorated by His Majesty, Vittorio Emanuele III, the king of Italy for his work and was named as an Official in the Order of the Crown of Italy.

His travels around Europe during that time gave him the idea of taking tourists to see where the big historic battles had taken place. During the '20s and '30s, he conducted many summer-long tours all over Europe for groups of American tourists. He and Rosa would work all winter planning, promoting, and organizing these tours. Imagine doing that without the Internet. The tours were not possible during the Great Depression, but that gave him time to write this book. In 1937 and '38, they were able to resume their tours, but the 1939 tour had to be cancelled because the situation was getting very dangerous in Europe by then.

He taught many of the Romance Languages along with the literature of those languages at the University of Arkansas for 39 years. He also wrote and published many textbooks in several languages beside this book written in "high" Italian about coming to America. He retired in May, 1944 and died that summer on August 6 at the age of 65. He was on a trip to Aberdeen, Maryland, to visit his daughter who was working in an armament factory during the war. His son was serving in the U.S. Army in the Aleutian Islands at the time.

He had told Rosa that when his time came, he wanted to be sent back to Italy, "My face once more to be kissed by the sun of Sirmione." Think of how difficult that would be to do even today. During the war, steel was very scarce, but Rosa was able to find a steel casket for Antonio. His body was kept in a mausoleum until after the war. Many difficult arrangements had to be made, and he was sent back for a funeral in his hometown of Sirmione sul Lago di Garda where his relatives still lived. They and Rosa's cousins in Bologna helped with the arrangements. He laid in state in the tiny chapel there next to the castle. There was a big funeral procession, and eight stout *pescatori* (fishermen) were recruited to carry his casket on their shoulders over a mile to the cemetery. Carrying the casket of our loved ones on our shoulders has become a tradition in the family ever since. There is a plaque in the cemetery where he is honored as Sirmione's favorite son who had gone to faraway America and brought honor to Italy.

Years later, relatives in Italy passed on this humorous story: About

12 years had passed, and they were exhuming some of the burials so as to make room for a mausoleum and were putting the remains into the niches in the wall. Antonio was the only one who had been embalmed plus no one else had been buried in a steel casket. When they opened his casket to put him into the niche, they fell back in disbelief! They could not believe their eyes. They checked the dates again. *"Lo Santo! Lo Santo!"* they exclaimed! They called the parish priest to come see the miracle. For centuries, based on a passage in the bible, it had been widely believed that the bodies of saints would not suffer corruption, and here was someone still preserved after many years.

Endnotes

[1]Romance languages are those national languages and dialects that have descended for the original Latin language of the Romans.

[2]The amount of the salary no doubt was in the telegram, but Antonio apparently thought that information was personal.

[3]*Compiacenza* translates to happiness, satisfaction, and being pleased or delighted.

[4]Train service into Fayetteville was still very new. The first train had arrived 24 years earlier in 1881.

[5]An article in the September 14, 1905, *Fayetteville Democrat* reads "Mr. L. W. White, of St. Louis, a timber contractor, rode into Fayetteville yesterday afternoon on an automobile and attracted much attention. It was the first time one of those horseless carriages ever made a track on our streets and it was an object of much interest to those who had never seen one." According to this, Antonio arrived several weeks before the first automobile appeared in Fayetteville, and the streets were not paved. Presumably, before automobiles, there was not any need to pave the streets. Horses would have had better traction on dirt and gravel.

[6]The newspapers during this time advertised several hotels. There was a Frisco Hotel where the Walton Arts Center is now and others on Dickson Street as well as some around the square. The editors thought it might have been the Washington Hotel on the southwest corner of the square, but according to one source, that hotel was built in 1906 which would be the next year after he arrived.

[7]Antonio signed in at the hotel with some trepidation probably knowing the desk clerk was very curious as to who this foreigner was with a mustache and wondered why was he in Fayetteville.

[8]According to a plaque on the Old Post Office, the square was where the County Courthouse had been until 1904 when a new courthouse was built at Center and College. The building on the square then presumably was used as the post office until 1909 when construction started on what is currently known as "The Old Post Office."

[9]According to *The History of the University of Arkansas* published in 1910, (page 547), the enrollment when Professor Antonio Marinoni arrived in 1905 was 810. In the prior two years, there had been a 32% increase in student enrollment. In an article in the September 21, 1905, *Fayetteville Democrat*, at the inauguration of President Tillman, one of the speakers predicted that enrollment was expected to top 1,000 in the coming year. It did in fact, and over the next two years it increased over 40% to 1,140, according to the above mentioned book. This dramatic growth surely was the reason the university was looking for additional professors and that must have led to Antonio getting the offer. In the next four years after Antonio arrived, the number of instructors at the University nearly doubled going from 46 in the 1904-05 year to 90 in the 1908-09 year. (page 436)

[10]Calling the hogs was not to be heard on campus yet. Antonio arrived in 1905, and the football team was called the "Cardinals." Sports were only loosely overseen by the faculty. The school color was a different shade of red than the present official color. The name was changed to the "Razorbacks" in 1910 along with the color, and fans have been calling "Wooooo Pig Soooie" ever since.

[11]Antonio Marinoni was born on the May 30, 1879. His book has a publication date of 1932, so when he wrote this last chapter, he was about 52.

[12]In Italian, "gn" has a special pronunciation as in lasagna. Zagnoni is pronounced "Zan-nio-nee." As was the custom, when women married, they would retain their maiden name and just add the husband's name. Thus she became Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.

[13]*Linfa* translates to sap like the sap of a tree. It could also be thought of as a lymphatic system or relationship. Neither word sounded right in the sentence, so the editor decided the reader would get the meaning better if the Italian word was used.

Rebecca Brown Tollett and Her Experiences during the Civil War in Prairie Grove

An enslaved woman's "loyalty proved"

By Susan Parks-Spencer

Throughout the Civil War in Washington County, Arkansas, white citizens were divided in support of the Union or Confederate forces, but regardless of their allegiance, hardships were experienced by all. Soldiers from either side frequently helped themselves to livestock, crops, and personal possessions. Union troops would often add to the misery of both white and enslaved residents by setting fire to homes and other structures as they left the area. In addition to these traumatic events, the local population would at times have run-ins with bushwhackers who roamed the countryside.[1] These men were commonly regarded as either renegade Union or Confederate supporters who engaged in illegal activity, individually or in groups. The Federal Army categorized bushwhackers as "a type of illegitimate Confederate guerrilla."[2]

Descriptions of war-time experiences in Northwest Arkansas have been documented in written and oral accounts by soldiers and citizens, with many of these narratives recorded in the Southern Claims Commission (SCC) Case Files. The SCC was established in 1871 by Congress to offer persons who supported the United States Government during the Civil War the opportunity to request compensation of property seized by or contributed to the Union Army. Claimants had to list the items, esti-

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mate their value, and provide witnesses who were sworn in, and asked numerous questions in order to confirm the applicant's loyalty to the United States. The document would be evaluated by Commission members, and if the claimant's allegiance was proven, some or all of their claim would be reimbursed by the government. If their loyalty was not substantiated, they received nothing. The majority of SCC claims were denied: out of the 22,298 filed, the Commission only approved 7,092.[3]

Rebecca (Becca) Brown was one of these future claimants who arrived in Washington County in September 1829 with her enslaver, Cumberland Presbyterian minister Andrew Buchanan. Rev. Buchanan, his wife, Sinai, (also called Sina), two stepsons, James P. and William T. Neal, and adopted daughter, Mary Woods, moved into their new house, which today would be located in the downtown area of Prairie Grove near the spring in Mock Park. The log home was built by two of Buchanan's enslaved men, who were also given the task of constructing "a house for the colored portion of the family…" This enslaved "family" included Becca, Daniel, George, Isaac, Jane, John, Robe, and Selia.[4]

Buchanan soon began preaching sermons to a growing number of churchgoers, and in 1831, the newly organized Prairie Congregation was officially added to the Cumberland Presbyterian Church's records.[5] Buchanan also started a school for the local children at this time, and classes were held in the same log building used for church services. Several students often lived with the Buchanans throughout the school year, possibly because they lived too far away to attend daily classes. For instance, in the 1850 census, Andrew and Sinai had five male students between the ages of 16 and seven living with them.[6]

Becca was born into enslavement in Tennessee and would have been about nine years old when she arrived in Arkansas with the Buchanans' other enslaved individuals. Her experiences prior to and during the Civil War were chronicled in an SCC deposition led by Special Commissioner E.B. Harrison on July 5, 1872. She began her testimony by describing herself as a 55-year-old housekeeper "crippled up" from rheumatism that also affected her health at the outbreak of the war. As she continued her statement, one detail that stands out in her testimony concerns Andrew Buchanan, who it turns out was not a typical enslaver. Several years before the declaration of war on April 12, 1861, he allowed his enslaved people to own property as well as livestock and to also grow garden produce, which they could sell and keep the profits. From the mid-to-late 1850s up to the war's outbreak, Becca harvested apples and raised watermelons and vegetables from her garden. She purchased cows and hogs that were either saved for slaughter or sold, along with her fruits and vegetables. The revenue she earned provided enough money to outfit her home with store-bought furniture and to purchase fabric from which she made bedding and clothing. Despite being "crippled up" from rheumatism, all of this work would have been included along with her duties to the Buchanan family.[7]

At Sinai's SCC deposition, she recounted details from her husband's will, which ordered Becca to be freed after the deaths of both Buchanans.[8] Additionally, upon Buchanan's death, Becca and Isaac Brown, who was one of the enslaved group who arrived in 1829, were to be given 40 acres each of farmable land that included an apple orchard.[9] (The 80 acres left to Becca and Isaac are currently located on the corner of Bush and Kate Smith Streets in Prairie Grove). Becca refers to either this orchard or one near the Buchanan house when describing a deal made between herself and Buchanan where she could "haul his apples to Fayetteville and sell them" and split the profit between themselves.[10]

Isaac Brown was 20 years older than Becca, and their relationship is unknown. He became a Methodist preacher and from 1869 to 1870 performed seven marriages of Black couples that were recorded by the Washington County Clerk's office.[11] Rev. Brown died in 1882 and is buried in the historic African American Bean Cemetery at Lincoln, Arkansas, that is still in use today.[12]

Andrew Buchanan's leniency in permitting his enslaved people these economic opportunities and yet refusing to go one step further and grant them their freedom begs the question: Why wait until his and Sinai's deaths? Was it due to the convenience of having access to free labor at any time? The acceptance of the idea of racial superiority? Or perhaps as an ordained minister, he and other Christian enslavers used certain verses from Genesis and Ephesians in the Bible, particularly the King James version, to justify their willingness to enslave others.[13]

After Buchanan's death in 1857, Becca grew vegetables, watermelons, and apples on her 40 acres and used the income from their sales to purchase hogs and cattle.[14] She kept the livestock near her cabin on the Buchanan property about a half-mile away from her garden and apple orchard.[15] Becca bought pieces of furniture for her home as well as "domestic" and calico fabrics to make "bedclothes" (bedding) that included coverlets, blankets, quilts, and clothing. Regarding Becca's work ethic and its results, Sinai Buchanan described her as:

> *...a very industrious woman; she had at the commencement of the War, a number of Hogs, several Cows, a fine store of Bed clothing and household furniture generally.*[16]

Four other witnesses provided sworn statements that confirmed Becca's loyalty to the Union: Harry Tollett, Dennis Tollett, Lucy Tinnin Neal, and Rachel Tinnin Neal. Harry Tollett was enslaved by Henry Clay Tollett, a wealthy farmer with property in both the Farmington and Fayetteville area.[17] Born about 1810 in Virginia, Harry stated in his SCC deposition on November 3, 1874, that he lived six miles west of Fayetteville and had resided there since 1833. It's believed at the time of his questioning that both Harry and Becca lived at this location. The two first met in 1834 and were married about 1848.[18] Harry stated that even though his given name was Henry, he was "always called Uncle Harry"

and likewise, Becca was often referred to as "Aunt Becky."[19] When Harry was asked if he and Becca ever discussed the war and how it might affect their lives, he answered:

> *I remember the first time we talked the thing over very well, it was about the time the rebels was trying to seceed [sic] the State, and we was alone at her cabin and we went over the ground pretty well and we both said to each other that we wanted the North to win the day for we knowed the North wanted us blacks free and that if the North succeeded we would be free and if the South succeeded we would remain slaves.*[20]

At the beginning of the war, Harry remained at his cabin on the Tollett property but often made the five-mile journey east to visit Becca.[21] It appears he moved in with her during the latter half of the war, and a short while later they were joined by Dennis Tollett, another man enslaved by Henry Clay Tollett. The three of them possibly shared the space at times with other enslaved individuals until the end of the war in 1865. Dennis Tollett also confirmed Becca's Union loyalty in the course of his questioning by E.B. Harrison on the same day Harry was deposed.[22]

Another witness who testified on Becca's behalf was Sinai's daughter-in-law, Lucy Tinnin Neal. Her husband, William T. Neal, was 38 years old at the beginning of the war and enlisted with the Confederacy's 16th Arkansas Infantry, leaving Lucy with their six children, who ranged in age from 12 years to one year old.[23] One of William and Lucy's sons, eight-year-old Thomas, moved in with his grandmother Sinai in the early days of the war while his mother remained with the other children at the family's home a half-mile from Sinai's house. Thomas was described as "a cripple" resulting from a lengthy ailment of "a white swelling," and sending him to live with his grandmother would have given Lucy the time to focus on the care of his younger siblings.[24] Thomas' health at some point improved, for at his deposition he described himself as a 21-year-old student living in Prairie Grove. He eventually married, had four children, and died in 1925.[25]

Lucy Neal's older sister, Rachel Tinnin Crawford, was another SCC witness for Becca. (Rachel and Lucy's first cousin, Hugh Tinnin, was the 16-year-old student listed in the 1850 census who was staying with the Buchanans at that time). Prior to the beginning of the war, Rachel and her husband, Andrew Crawford, lived with their seven children about a mile from the Buchanan home. Crawford served as Washington County judge, 1860-1862, and joined the Confederate Army's 16th Arkansas Infantry in 1862.[26] Neither of the sisters' husbands survived the war: Neal was killed during an encounter with Federal troops in April 1864 near Clarksville in Johnson County, Arkansas, and shortly after his enlistment, Crawford died at the Battle of Corinth, Mississippi.[27]

As the sun was starting to rise on December 7, 1862, Becca stood on the front steps of Sinai Buchanan's house and watched as four horsemen rode up and asked if she had seen any Federal troops in the area.

This plan of the Battle of Prairie Grove locates the Rev. Buchanan's church (□) and the Buchanans' house (◯). Both sit just below the Cane Hill-Fayetteville road which runs at a diagonal across the lower right third of the map. Map published in *Harper's Weekly*, January 17, 1863, p. 42. Map available at the Internet Archive, https://archive.org/details/harpersweekly-v7bonn/page/42/mode/2up.

As their exchange was taking place, several Union soldiers rushed out of Sinai's house and headed for their military campsite nearby at a dead run. The horsemen caught sight of the Federal Army encampment and immediately took off in the opposite direction. A short time later, Union and Confederate troops began exchanging gunfire less than a mile north of the Buchanan property. The Battle of Prairie Grove was underway.[28]

Major General Thomas C. Hindman, commander of Confederate forces, first set up his headquarters that morning in the Prairie Congregation's small church. However, in the early afternoon, his surgeon, James M. Keller, took over the building to use as a hospital to treat their wounded, forcing Hindman and his staff to move to the Buchanan house. This proved to be another brief stop, for Keller commandeered that home as another hospital, so Hindman set up his headquarters in a nearby field.[29] The Buchanan house wasn't the only one appropriated that day as homes throughout the community were quickly turned into temporary hospitals.

When darkness fell that night the fighting finally stopped, and both sides began caring for their wounded and searching for the dead. The

death count totaled about 379 with 1,680 wounded and 657 missing. That night, the Confederates gathered their soldiers and headed south, giving the Federals a strategic win, even though the battle had ended as a draw. The South never had another substantial army presence in Northwest Arkansas for the remainder of the war.[30]

The next morning Hindman, who had stayed behind, met with the Union command and settled on a ceasefire. Later that day, a Union soldier with the Twentieth Iowa Infantry, Chester Barney, stopped by Sinai's house and watched as Keller's surgeons continued to treat the wounded. Barney witnessed the gruesome sight of amputated limbs "thrown out the back door, and…observed a number of hogs feeding on them."[31]

Included in the truce agreement was the Federal Army's assistance in treating the Confederate wounded. These injured men were moved eight miles southwest to Cane Hill (also known as Boonsboro), where one of the buildings used as a hospital was the dormitory at Cane Hill College.[32] It's unknown who was living with Sinai and Becca at the time of the Prairie Grove battle, but their experiences during and after the event were undoubtedly horrific.

After the battle, Union troops engaged in periodic excursions around the county in search of Confederate soldiers, guerillas, and bushwhackers who still roamed the area.[33] Becca recalled a terrifying encounter with a group of bushwhackers one evening that was witnessed by one of the Crawford children during their family's brief stay at the Buchanan home. The date of the attack is not given, but it involved both Becca and her unidentified brother. Rachel Crawford testified that one of her daughters witnessed "a party of six rebel bushwhackers" at Becca's cabin where they "robbed & abused her mightily…" The men demanded Becca turn over her money to them or they would kill her. Despite their ultimatum, she recalled in her deposition that she told the bushwhackers she had nothing to give them, and her account continued:

The same night the Rebel Bush-Whackers threatened me, they hung my brother, and then let him down and he went and got his money and let them have it. They shot at me that same night but did not hit me. Mistress was not at home.[34]

Becca's first major loss of property to the Union Army occurred on a Saturday sometime in 1863. Major Charles E. Willetts and his men from the 14th Kansas Cavalry were traveling south from Missouri and stopped near the Buchanan home. Willetts and another officer spent the night in Sinai's house while his men set up camp not too far away. Several of Willets' soldiers discovered Becca's three-year-old cow in an old house on the Buchanan property that was being used as a makeshift barn. The men led Becca's cow outside where they shot and butchered it, and carried the meat back to their camp. Willets and his men also took 65 bushels of Sinai's wheat she had in storage before they left the next day for Cane Hill.[35]

In each of their SCC statements, Thomas Neal and Becca both recalled another incident on a winter day in November 1864 when Becca's

two hogs were killed by Union soldiers. Becca, Sinai, and Thomas were the only persons mentioned living on the Buchanan property at that time. Cololonel Charles Jennison's 15th Kansas Cavalry and Lieutenant Colonel Frederick Benteen's 10th Missouri Cavalry arrived from the northeast around sundown and set up camp near Sinai's house. The soldiers were in pursuit of General Sterling Price's forces, who had fled to Arkansas after their defeat in late October at the Battle of Westport in Missouri.[36]

Prior to his current command, Jennison led the 7th Kansas Volunteer Cavalry, who became known as "Jennison's Jayhawkers." Before the Civil War began, jayhawkers were militant abolitionists who stole from and victimized residents on the Kansas and Missouri border. During the war these men often enlisted with the Federal Army, and their practice of thievery and looting became the definition of "jayhawking."[37] Jennison and his soldiers were one of several notorious jayhawker units fighting for the Union in 1861 that terrorized supporters of both armies. Their practice of robbing, looting, then afterward, burning homes and other buildings as they left the area prompted Union commanders in St. Louis to reassign the jayhawkers to other regions outside of western Missouri.[38]

After Jennison and Benteen's soldiers set up camp, about 10 or 12 of them caught and killed Becca's two "good big pink hogs" ready for slaughter that weighed around 150 and 200 pounds.[39] Several of the men entered Becca's cabin and took 10 pieces of her bedding, fabric, and clothing that included Harry's shirts. They also removed the cane from her "bedstead" (bed frame) and used them as stakes to secure their horses. As the soldiers were leaving the next morning, they set fire to Sinai's house and the flames soon spread to Becca's home. The culmination of years of hard work raising livestock and her efforts to harvest, haul, and sell produce that provided a comfortable living for her and Harry vanished as the log cabin burned to the ground. Sinai, who had described "Aunt Becky" as "right well off," "well fixed," and "a very industrious woman," concluded that, "Everything she had was taken from her or destroyed that day."[40]

Even though these experiences with Federal troops were certainly less than positive, whenever Union soldiers stayed on the Buchanan property, Becca would cook meals for them and wash their clothes, doing "all she could to show her friendship," Harry stated in his deposition. "That was about all an old black woman could do." Becca recalled giving the soldiers whatever food she had on hand as "a free gift" that included bread, apples, and pie, and once supplied them with several bushels of dried fruit she was saving. As for her loyalty to the Federal Government and its army, Harry said there was no reason to question it, for even "her old mistress (and she was a strongest kind of a rebel)" would often describe Becca as a "radical," or Union supporter.[41]

After the war ended, Becca and Harry most likely lived together at his home on the Tollett property where she kept house, and he was a farmer.[42] In 1870, Harry, Becca, and Isaac Brown sold the land left to Becca and

Isaac by Andrew Buchanan. James P. Neal, Sinai's oldest son, bought the property for $260 and deeded it to his nine-year-old son, Preston "Bora" Neal.[43]

When the Southern Claims Commission provided the opportunity for citizens to ask for reparations of items and property lost during the war, Becca drew up her list:

350 pounds of pork at 10¢ per pound	$35
400 pounds of beef	$40
10 pieces of clothing, $5 each	$50
Domestic fabric	$10
Furniture, kitchen and home	$150
	$285

However, the process of submitting her claim proved to be lengthy. The application for depositions to be taken was filed on May 13, 1872, but it wasn't until November 1874 that the sworn statements from Becca and her witnesses were finalized. The completed Case File for Rebecca Tollett was finally sent to the Claims Commission almost four years later on September 30, 1878.[44] Unfortunately, Becca didn't live to see the result of her efforts. On September 13, 1877, almost exactly one year before her File was turned in, Becca died, leaving Harry as administrator of her estate.[45] It's presumed that she is buried alongside Harry in an unmarked grave in Cemetery Hill at Farmington, separated in death as they were in life from its white occupants. Cemetery Hill is where Henry Clay Tollett and some of his descendants are also buried.[46]

Three years after Becca's death, it looks as if Harry was living in the Fayetteville area with a young Black couple, Albert and Rebecca Flowers, and their two sons. The 1880 census shows farm worker Henry Tollett, age 70, and a widower, residing with the family along with Albert Flowers' sister, niece, nephew, and a three-year-old girl who was listed as a "mulatto" boarder.[47]

On June 14, 1880, the Claims Commission reimbursed the full amount submitted for Becca's hogs but only awarded a little over half requested for the cow. The bedding, clothing, fabric, and furniture were not compensated for as they were, "Taken for private gain by lawless depredation," and "Not for Army use." The total amount dispensed was $60, and one would assume the money was sent to her husband, Harry.[48]

In the Claim Commission's final summary regarding Becca's allegiance they wrote:

> *The claimant is a colored woman – had been a slave and lived with her mistress. She "didn't want the Union broke up & tore to peices* [sic]," – *that was "the honest wish of her heart."*
>
> *Loyalty proved.*[49]

Endnotes

[1]Kylee Cole and Matt Mulheran, Prairie Grove Battlefield State Park Interpreters, interview with the author, September 15, 2020.
[2]Daniel E. Sutherland, "Jayhawkers and Bushwhackers," *Encyclopedia of Arkansas History and Culture*, last updated December 3, 2018, https://bit.ly/2Eou9Yg.
[3]"Military Records: Southern Claims Commission Case Files," National Archives, accessed August 13, 2020, https://bit.ly/30QTF0z.
[4]Col. James Preston Neal, Sr. "Migration and Settlement of My Stepfather and Family; My First Day and First Ramble in the Valley," *Flashback* 5, no. 3 (June 1955), pp. 8-9.
[5]Letter to Lucille Mast, Prairie Grove, Arkansas, from Thomas H. Campbell, Harrison, Arkansas, April 9, 1978; "Prairie Grove As James P. Neal Saw It For the First Time in September, 1829," *Prairie Grove Enterprise*, July 28, 1939, p. 10.
[6]1850 United States Federal Census, Ancestry.com, accessed August 1, 2020, https://bit.ly/2PkDUbI.
[7]"Rebecca Tollett, Southern Claims Commission Case File," fold3 by ancestry, accessed August 3, 2020, https://bit.ly/3hqeKDT, pp. 11-12, 18-19.
[8]"Rebecca Tollett, Southern Claims Commission Case File," p. 19.
[9]"Will of Andrew Buchanan," Record of Wills, Volume A & B, p. 48. It is noted that Volume A's original record of Buchanan's will on page 178 was either lost or destroyed.
[10]"Rebecca Tollett, Southern Claims Commission Case File," pp. 14, 27.
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Forgotten Fayetteville
A New Book by J. B. Hogan

"...sometimes our local history gets lost or somehow simply drops out of the public's consciousness"

J.B. Hogan retrieves lost stories from the past in his new book, Forgotten Fayetteville, *which is previewed in this excerpt from the chapter "From the Lyric to the UArk: Fayetteville's Old Movie Houses." Oghma Creative Media is scheduled to release Hogan's book in October 2021.*

For several years after the closing of the Orpheum, no new theatres appeared in Fayetteville. The Air Dome and Skydome, along with the Lyric – and to a lesser extent the Ozark – provided movie entertainment for local audiences. Finally, in October 1919, only a month after he had come to Fayetteville and bought the Lyric Theatre from its longtime owner Frank Barr, E. C. Robertson of El Dorado opened the Victory Theatre in the old Baum Building on the East Side of the Square. Simultaneously, the Lyric was allowed to simply fade out of the movie business.

A story in the daily *Fayetteville Democrat* for October 20, 1919, declared: "Victory Theatre to Open Oct. 27." In fact, the new theatre didn't open until Friday, October 31. Calling itself "Arkansas' Classiest Movie House," the Victory's first show, starting that evening at 6:30 p.m., was "Bonnie Bonnie Lassie" starring Mary McLaren. Admission was 11 cents for children under 14 and 22 cents for adults – war tax included.

The Victory had a nice run in town, lasting until it would be replaced by the Palace Theatre in the fall of 1926. In its seven-year run the Victory survived another influenza quarantine in February of 1920, was active when the *Fayetteville Democrat* officially became the *Fayetteville Daily Democrat* on November 29, 1920, and showed perhaps its most memorable film, "Robin Hood," on March 17, 1923. This Douglas

This postcard shows the Victory Theatre in 1925 in the Fayetteville Business District. The theatre, distinguished by its elaborate front, is in the right half of the photograph. The postcard is from the collection of the late UofA history professor Jim Chase.

Fairbanks hit cost locals the extraordinary matinee price of 25 and 55 cents, and then 75 cents and one dollar for the evening show. All admissions included the war tax.

In early May 1925, the first indication of the eventual closing of the Victory was signaled by a story in the *Daily Democrat* stating that an option had been taken out on the Baum Building by an unnamed, but non-resident party. On May 30, the identity of this person was revealed. W. F. Sonneman, a motion picture entrepreneur from Waco, Texas, had purchased the Baum Building.

The effect this would have on the Victory was not fully known for better than a year. On September 14, 1926, an advertisement in the *Daily Democrat* reported that there was "Not much left of the Victory – Except – Very Fine Pictures." The imminent closure of E. C. Robertson's flagship theatre was undeniably clear.

On September 29, 1926, amid indications in the *Daily Democrat* of Sonneman's hurried remodeling of the Baum Building, an advertisement in the paper referred to the Victory as the "little show." With construction crews working three shifts in a rush to complete the new Palace Theatre, the Victory's last ad ran on Friday, October 15, 1926, and its "Last show in this house" (the Tom Mix horse opera, "No Man's Gold") was held the next night, Saturday, October 16, 1926. Like so many movie houses before it, the Victory was gone, relegated to the status of forgotten Fayetteville history.

William Woolsey and Woolsey, Arkansas: Vestiges of His Legacy

By Denele Campbell

The Fall 2020 issue of *Flashback* provides an excellent write-up on Samuel Woolsey and the preservation and restoration of his homestead property in west Fayetteville. But it was Samuel's oldest son William Woolsey who went on to leave his mark in Washington County history at a place that still bears the Woolsey name. Born in 1811 in Illinois, William married at age 24 and bought his first Washington County property in 1837 when he and his wife settled in the Viney Grove area just north of Prairie Grove. Twenty years later, he moved his family to the south part of the county near present-day West Fork, a location well suited to his entrepreneurial aspirations.

Between 1850 and 1860, William's fortunes improved considerably as he shifted from farming with personal assets valued at $400, to merchant with assets valued at over $1,000, and real estate valued at $2,000. William Woolsey's enduring legacy was based in part on his astute understanding of commercial enterprise and the necessity of a suitable location. The place still known as Woolsey once hosted a general store, mill, and cemetery, and centered on the primary crossing of the west fork of the White River in a time well before bridges. Bridges were built in the early 1920s at both West Fork and Woolsey, but until then, traffic of riders, coaches, and wagons of both locals and travelers meant a steady flow of customers through the Woolsey ford. When the river was up, nobody crossed.

Arkansas native Denele Campbell tracks her family's roots in the state back to the early 1800s. Her writings on local history include articles published in Flashback *and several books. A 19th century history of the West Fork Valley is Campbell's most recent work.*

The exact location of the mill at Woolsey is not known. However, based on deed records of land purchases by William Henry Harrison Nott, one of the south county's earliest millwrights since 1838, the mill would have been slightly downstream from the confluence of Winn Creek and the White River and the inflow of a large spring that pours out from under the bluff directly south of the Woolsey Cemetery. The spring may also have been an important drinking water source during dry spells. The mill was probably located at the mouth of Mill Creek a short distance downstream from the spring. The name Mill Creek suggests that this was the spot where Nott built his mill on his original land purchase.[1]

Nott added to his holdings in this location on February 28, 1853, in the purchase of the adjacent 40 acres, giving him a contiguous 80 acres.[2] Present day Woolsey Road (County Road 35) south from West Fork passes along the western edge of this acreage. In July 1858, Nott sold a 10-acre piece to William T. Woolsey whose name would thereafter identify this location. Woolsey paid $130 for the spot.

According to a history of William Woolsey published in the 1889 *Goodspeed's History of Washington County*, it was 1854 when Woolsey moved to the place that would bear his name. His first deed there was recorded 1856. The 1860 census shows him residing with his family at Fayetteville, perhaps in the interest of his children's education. Woolsey continued to expand his land holdings by purchasing additional properties in the immediate vicinity:

- January 1856 – the NW SE and NE SW of Section 16-14-30, a total of 78.5 acres for $1,050. This property lies immediately south of the original Nott property and includes the later commercial areas of Woolsey.
- July 1857 – one acre in 16-14-30 for $250.
- July 1857 – a half-acre in 16-14-30 for $75.

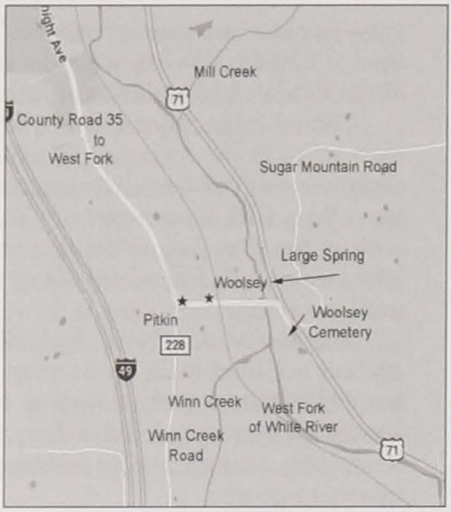
These two smaller parcels later became the center of the settlement known as Woolsey, and their valuation suggests development of a commercial enterprise at least by 1849. The river crossing here accommodated those traveling through south Washington County along the main river valley road. Two routes south were available from this point. The first followed:

> *"... directly along Winn Creek to the top of the Boston Mountain divide then to the Jacob Yoes stop west of Winslow. From the Jacob Yoes place, the stage continued southward along what is known now as the Bunyard Road, down the mountain to Blackburn Creek and then along Lee Creek into Van Buren.*[3]
>
> *"The second route from Woolsey's Store continued up the West Fork of White River [along the east side of the river] through what is now Winslow to the Woolum Stop at the top of the divide; from there it plunged down the steep grade to Howard's Creek to what was then Rutherford's Store (Schaberg) and on to Alma."*[4]

While still residing with his family, William married Elvira Davidson in 1835. Their marriage produced seven children: Mary Jane Wool-

sey 1836-1882 [Oliver L. Karnes]; Lavina Matilda Woolsey 1838-1929 [Isaac Fellows]; Sarah Woolsey 1841-1918 [Daniel Thomas]; Samuel Lewis Woolsey 1842-1918 [Penelope Carter]; Elizabeth Caroline Woolsey 1846-1910 [Benjamin Little]; Martha Woolsey 1849-1926 [Jasper Farmer]; and John D. Woolsey 1849-1915 [Harriet Beal, Mary Catlett, then Miranda Bittick].

William's wife Elivira died in 1849 and he remarried in 1855 to Charity Hutchens, daughter of another well-established pioneer family in the West Fork valley. The couple gained one daughter, Charity Woolsey 1856-1922 [Jacob Stockburger].



Map showing location of Woolsey south of West Fork. Map data ©2018 Google.

Woolsey's store served as the post office for "West Fork" until the 1880s with Woolsey on duty as postmaster from 1871 to 1879. With the establishment of the town of West Fork about three miles north in 1885, the West Fork post office moved there. Some records confuse the location of West Fork and Woolsey due to this change of post office locations.

It's important to recognize that until 1885, two previous locations in the south county served postal duty as the "West Fork" post office because the name for the entire valley was originally "West Fork" due to the river. Those postal centers were at Nott's first mill near Brentwood and then as Gilstrap's mill when Nott sold him the location. Post offices often operated at mills in early settlement areas as the most frequently visited and well known locations.

Erastus Pitkin bought 90 acres from William Woolsey in 1882 for $1,800. He was one of many entrepreneurs from the north who arrived in Washington County with the opening of the railroad. His interest primarily centered on the wholesale harvest of virgin timber from the hillsides along the West Fork valley. It's not clear whether Pitkin took over operations of the mill, originally part of Nott's then Woolsey's operation, or built a new one driven by steam. The 90 acres Pitkin bought ran along the south side of the short east-west stretch of road from the Winn Creek Road intersection to the river crossing.

In 1885 when the "West Fork" post office relocated to the new town of West Fork, Woolsey could not continue the post office at his store under the West Fork name and could not use Woolsey as the post office name because there was already another Woolsey post office in Arkansas. So the Woolsey post office became the Pitkin post office for a number of

years until the pre-existing Woolsey ceased to exist and the name could be used at William Woolsey's location. This has also contributed to confusion about Pitkin and Woolsey co-existing.

Pitkin's [also called Pitkin's Corner] post office location is shown on early maps at the corner of Woolsey Road where the Winn Creek Road continues south. With a left turn at that intersection, travelers southbound from West Fork soon arrived at Woolsey at the railroad tracks and then crossed the river before turning south down what is now Highway 71. The route north from there along present-day Highway 71 did not exist until the 1920s.

Like many of the West Fork valley's men of standing, William Woolsey was a Union man. At 51 years of age when war broke out in 1862, battlefield duty wasn't an option. Instead, William performed freighting service for the troops. Records state he worked north of the battle lines as a sutler, a supply service of baggage trains following troops to provide necessary goods.

After serving Union forces as a freighter, William Woolsey returned to find his Woolsey property destroyed. There's no specific record of the destruction of the original mill and other property at Woolsey, but scorched earth policy by both sides targeted mills and other resources in order to deprive enemy troops of sustenance. In the 1860 federal census, Woolsey named his occupation as 'merchant' with personal property valued at $1,000 and real estate valued at $2,000. By 1870, Woolsey valued his personal property at $700 and his real estate at $150, a terrible loss from his 1860 valuation. In 1865 and 1866, Woolsey sold off some land to gain $600 which he no doubt used to help rebuild.

The 1880 census does not cite valuation, but his occupation is listed as dry goods merchant. Aside from supplies ranging from gunpowder to crackers from a barrel, Woolsey's store offered respite to weary travelers awaiting connecting coaches. While there, interested parties might obtain a sip of home-distilled whiskey. As Robert Winn noted, "Sometimes the stage stopped so long that the travelers imbibed enough of this excellent brew to become quite tipsy. It wasn't unusual for gun play or fisticuffs to break out. There was also a horse racing track, which added to the excitement available at this little stop."[5]

The Woolsey Cemetery perches on a narrow slope between Highway 71 and the river. The earliest known burials there are Strangeman Hutchens 1850, Dicy Hutchens 1857, and Shadrach Ingram 1859. Woolseys buried here include William and Elvira's son John D. Woolsey (1849 - 1916), John's son James W. Woolsey (1874-1915), John's first wife Harriet Woolsey (1843 - 1893), and John's third wife Miranda Goff Woolsey (1855 - 1917). The burial grounds remain in use at the present day, currently the site of 232 graves.

A school first serving the Woolsey area was established in 1871, believed to be a subscription school. In 1885, the Woolsey public school, known officially as Liberty School District 3 and also called Pitkin school,

was established on land deeded by the Woolsey family, the '3' designation meaning it was the third public school established in Washington County.[6] On September 30, 1946, the district consolidated with West Fork. In 1960, the old school building was destroyed by a tornado and a concrete block community building was erected in its place.

By the 1880 census, population around Woolsey had grown significantly, not only through the expansion of pre-existing families such as the Winns and Hutchens but also with the influx of new residents including the Caudles and Stonesifers (variously Stonecifer, Stonecipher). It was still a small world and neighbors intermarried as they had since the earliest days in the county. Even today, many West Fork valley residents trace ancestry to multiple pioneer families.

Robert Winn's article continued:

"Along the west side of the river runs the railroad tracks, once the Frisco Line, which was completed in 1880. At that time a flag station was established on this spot...

"Records show that in 1860 Woolsey owned all the land across the entire valley at Woolsey from the hill on the west to the river on the east and for some distance up and down the rich river bottom land. The family lived in a typical double log house, with a large room on either side of a dog trot [with] the wide open hallway between the two rooms.

"From the home they also operated the first general store in the community. The railroad had not yet arrived, but a stage did pass through, and the owner of the store also had the stage stand where tickets for the stage were sold. Though the stage stopped there, no accommodations were offered... Though the railroad passed through in 1880, it wasn't until the early 1900s that the [Woolsey] depot was built to handle the volume of freight, express and passenger needs. It never had a telegraph and the station did not remain for many years.

"...By 1900 there were two stores and a blacksmith shop in town. Woolsey became the center of much shipping of fruit and berries. Wild huckleberries were abundant. There was also a canning factory there, to the north of the stores and beside the railroad tracks. One season the factory canned an entire freight car of huckleberries. Even so, timber was the largest produce. In 1900 as many as 70 wagons [of timber] at a time would be backed up waiting to unload. One period saw a buyer ship out 40 cars of fence posts in one month.

"In the 1920s, the current post master was informed that the other Woolsey post office had closed, so Pitkin could now become officially Woolsey. It remained open until the mail route from Winslow came down Winn Creek, crossed the White River at Woolsey and returned to Winslow via Highway 71. Then the Woolsey Post Office was closed. The little town slowly faded into the past and today is but a memory."[7]

During its approximately 80 years of existence as a community center, Woolsey saw its times of excitement. During the early days of the railroad in particular, when trains ran several times each day, wrecks in or near Woolsey made the news.

September 29, 1881: *A railroad hand was stabbed just over the heart and to the hollow Saturday night last, near Woolsey's store on West Fork, by a blacksmith named Dease. The man is said to be dangerously if not fatally wounded. Dease was arrested and fined $5 by the township officers.*

May 21, 1885: *A man by the name of John Knott, a plasterer by trade, residing at Ft. Smith, came to Fayetteville Tuesday expecting to get work at his trade but was only offered $1.25 per day, which he refused to take. Being short of money he expressed his tools to Ft. Smith and started to walk back home, when one mile south of Woolsey the work train on the 'Frisco was backing up to Winslow, ran over him, killing him instantly. The unfortunate man was hard of hearing and it is supposed did not hear the train.*

January 19, 1892: *The northbound 'Frisco passenger train had a serious accident last evening at Woolsey's, twelve miles south of Fayetteville. The two rear coaches jumped the track, while running at full speed, turning completely over and severing connection with the foremost cars. No damage was done to the track, but several passengers were injured. Ernest Collins of Van Buren, left leg broken and otherwise injured; Mrs. Con Davis, Albuquerque, N.M., slight concussion below right eye; J. M. Egan, Springfield, Mo., slight cut on the back of the head; John Mitchell, Salem, Mo., bruised on the right shoulder also hurt on the left hip.*

The injured were brought to Fayetteville where the company surgeon, Dr. Yates, assisted by Drs. Gregg and Carmon administered to their wants. Conductor Ben Robinson, in charge of the train, did everything that could possibly be done for the unfortunates. Mr. McNair, agent at Fayetteville, was untiring in his efforts to render every assistance possible. The injured are all improving today. The cause of the accident is unknown. The snow is six inches on a level. The thermometer registered 11° below zero at 6 a.m. this morning.

December 8, 1893: *There was a wreck on the 'Frisco Railway this morning at Woolsey, sixteen miles south of this place. Three cars were overturned, and the track torn up. All trains were delayed about eight hours. No lives were lost, but the damage to the railway is very heavy.*

Yet another wreck, date unknown and cited in *Robert Winn's Trains of Northwest Arkansas*, occurred near Woolsey when the passenger train from the south was "going at a pretty good clip along a straight stretch of track in front of the Woolsey store … when the engine jumped the track and rolled over two and half times … Unbelievably, no one was injured."

A statewide business directory published in 1900 counted Pitkin's population as 50 people, with commercial activity as Candor Brothers sawmill; J. M. Langston & Co., general store; and J. M. Pitkin, saw and grist mill [son of Erastus Pitkin]. Neither Pitkin nor Woolsey ever incorporated as a town.

The 1889 *Goodspeed's History of Washington County* adds that "for three years [William Woolsey] has been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church; in politics he is a staunch Republican. He was one of the men detailed as a life guard over Barnes and Bailey, the men who were hung

at Cane Hill for the murder of William Wright."

"William wrote his last will and testament August 22, 1874. It is recorded in Book C, pages 203 and 204. It was witnessed by S.C. Oldham and W. D. Sample. He bequeathed five hundred dollars each to his wife Charity, daughters Matilda Fellows, Martha Farmer and Caroline Little. He gave son Samuel five hundred but only five dollars to son John D. Woolsey. Charity Stockburger received land. Two grandsons received $300. Samuel was named executor. William died at age eighty-three August 30, 1894. Charity lived two more years. Both are buried in Karnes Cemetery, West Fork, Arkansas."[8]

A rock building, ca. 1900, on site known as Woolsey, is now a butcher shop. Photo by Denele Campbell.

At the place still known as Woolsey among local people, a Victorian home remains on the spot believed to be where the canning factory used to sit. Next door, alongside the county road, an old rock building built circa 1900 remains in use as a butcher shop with pressed tin ceilings and other features of an earlier age. Without archaeological examination to date, no other structures of the original Woolsey settlement have been found. The 1925 iron bridge has been replaced with a new concrete span that marks the spot where early area residents forded the river. The old open span bridge rests at West Fork, preserved for some future use.

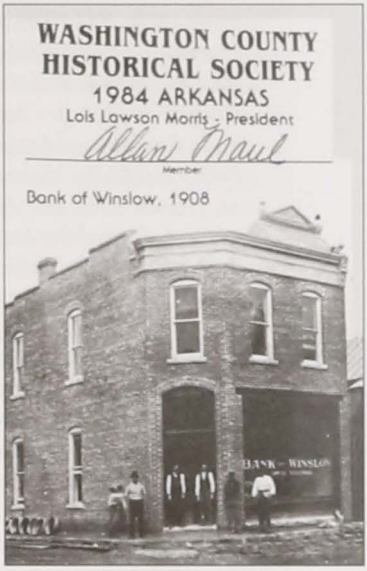
Endnotes

[1]NW NW 16-14-30 (Legal description from deed records.)
[2]SW NW 16-14-30 (Legal description from deed records.)
[3]Records of the last Woolem stagecoach of 1878, Robert G. Winn. *West Fork Observer* Clippings Scrapbook (no date), Fayetteville Public Library, p. 20.
[4]Ibid.
[5]Robert Winn's article on Woolsey appeared in the October 4, 2007, edition of the *White River Valley News*:
[6]Robert Winn, "Origins of the community of Woolsey," *West Fork Observer* Clippings Scrapbook (no date), Fayetteville Public Library, p. 33.
[7]October 4, 2007 edition. Accessed October 23, 2017, at https://www.geocaching.com/geocache/GC16MMF_woolsey-community?guid=118cc8ec-0113-418f-ad80-3006c76be37c.
[8]Rootsweb entry by Marilyn Demas, accessed September 8, 2020, http://freepages.rootsweb.com/~woolsey/genealogy/resources/descends/woolgen/wlwilliamthompson1811_1894.html.

Early WCHS Leaders Packed First Year with Activities

Society marks 70 years with "flashbacks" to the past, 1951 - 2021

By Maylon Rice



The 1984 WCHS membership card showing the Bank of Winslow. Courtesy Maylon Rice.

The activities during the first year of the Washington County Historical Society preceded at a brisk pace in 1951 with active programs each month and special observances, including the 77th Anniversary of Commencement Exercises at the University of Arkansas in the spring.

WCHS president and *Flashback* editor, Walter J. Lemke, produced six issues of the 8 by 10½-inch typed and mimeographed bulletin on news and events between March and November of 1951. The issues fluctuated between two nine-page issues in March and April and a much larger and news filled 28-page November issue. Overall, members received 106 pages of news, facts, events, and historical information gathered, edited, and produced by Lemke.

Also generated during the year was a small, wallet-sized Washington County Historical Society membership card. The first card issued for the inaugural membership drive was a printed rendering of Lovely County ca. 1827, showing the geometric shape with notations on how Washington, Benton, and parts of Carroll County were all shaped by this pre-statehood, territorial map. Paid-up members were issued membership

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Maylon Rice is past president of the Washington County Historical Society; he was WCHS president 2017-2019 and currently serves on the Property Management Committee which oversees maintenance of Headquarters House.

cards, which were then provided annually, each bearing a new photograph of a snippet of Washington County's history.

One such card (included in this article) from 1984 showed a photograph of the Bank of Winslow, ca. 1908, with several men and boys standing outside the two-story brick structure. The membership cards usually included the current president's name and a line for the member's name or signature.

The 1952 membership card mentioned in December 1951 issue of *Flashback*, featured photographs and biographical information of both Archibald Yell and Judge David Walker. Lemke wrote that the 1952 card and membership renewal went on sale December 18.

Notable that first year were the varied, succinct, and interesting public programs offered each month. At one meeting, Lemke displayed photographs and discussed out of town "excursions" or "pilgrimages" to areas of interest; such as, walking Evergreen Cemetery, visiting areas in Springdale and Tontitown, and a "pilgrimage" to Prairie Grove and Cane Hill.

In September the WCHS met in Hill Hall on the UofA campus with F. S. Root speaking on the history of the Fayetteville Public Schools. On October 7, the WCHS participated in dedicating a bronze marker for the old Rieff home on Center Street (203 W. Center) now remodeled as Moore's Chapel Funeral Home. *Flashback* later printed Miss Jobelle Holcomb's speech from the dedication ceremony. On October 11, the group visited the Springdale City Library.

In *Flashback* Lemke ran long letters of historical significance, such as a word-for-word transcription of Sophie Sawyer's First Report to Rev. David Green, Secretary of the American Board of Missions. He also published lists, such as a list of every Fayetteville school board member from 1871 to 1951. Other lists included all the honorary degree recipients at the UofA from 1878 to 1951, all the paid WCHS memberships, by name, as of May, and the names 482 citizens who paid 1885 school taxes in the Fayetteville District in 1885. The most unusual list – as well as a grid-map produced by Lemke – was of 49 well-known persons buried in the Evergreen Cemetery, complete with birth/death dates and a brief description of their notoriety.

Plans were made for the November meeting of the WCHS to be held on Armistice Day (now known as Veterans Day) and for the first annual banquet of the WCHS on December 18, 1951, where the board would bestow an honorary membership to W. J. Campbell for his history of Fayetteville. Certificates would be presented to winners of a public school essay contest. In lieu of a guest speaker, each WCHS member would relate a favorite incident from Washington County history.

As always, even today, Lemke's final pages were filled with short bursts of information about the success of this first year of existence in 1951 and urgency for members to renew for the upcoming year, 1952.

Hilltop: Joy Pratt Markham's Summer Camp for Boys and Girls

By Joy Pratt Markham

Ed. note: From 1921 to 1945 Joy Pratt Markham (1894-1976) operated Hilltop Camps, a summer camp for boys and girls on her family's Markham Hill property. Hilltop offered a variety of typical summer camp activities such as horseback riding and swimming in the camp pool and attracted children both from Fayetteville and across the country.

In 1938 Markham wrote a lengthy description of the camp, its facilities, and operation. This is the second part of that description; the first part appeared in the Fall 2020 issue of Flashback *(pp. 131-137).*

Markham's original typed copy is filed in Mullins Library on the UofA campus; the digital formatting was provided by Lisa Orton. The Joy Pratt Markham Gallery at the Walton Arts Center is named for Markham, who studied art at the Chicago Art Institute. This piece, presented as written by Markham, provides details about the camp that served hundreds of children.

Because we do not accept a large number of campers, our program need never be a rigid one. Hilltop has about 30 boys and 30 girls each summer. One of the first things a camper does upon arriving at camp is to make a plan for his or her daily living, aiming at some definite accomplishment and taking into consideration the wishes of the parent for the summer, but not filling the day too full. Plans are made in week-long units, building up from balanced days to a balanced summer of finest growth, accomplishment, and enduring happiness.

Often an unscheduled day will be included. There are camping trips that break into the program. Saturdays and Sundays we are always at home, on Saturday mornings to do a thorough camp cleaning, polish our shoes, shampoo our heads, care for our nails, and even to give our

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Lisa Orton was born and raised in Fayetteville, where she returned after 30 years as a software developer in Maryland. She is a co-founder of Friends of Markham Hill which seeks to preserve the natural and historic character of the hill.

horses a bath. There is a general swim in the afternoon that is longer than ordinary, and in the evening there is a play or party given by one of the groups. Occasionally on Friday or Saturday nights we hike across the valley to Fayetteville to a picture show. Each summer there is an excellent program of concerts, lectures, plays, and voice, instrumental, or dance recitals given at the University auditorium or Greek amphitheater which our older campers enjoy. The University auditorium and very beautiful amphitheater are just across the valley from Hilltop.

Mrs. Joy Pratt Markham in a 1973 photograph published in *The Northwest Arkansas Times*. Photo courtesy of the *Northwest Arkansas Democrat-Gazette/ Northwest Arkansas Times*.

Sunday is the best day of all. With breakfast a half hour later, the two camps have a dip together in the pool before breakfast. After breakfast, in a beautiful woodland spot, or in our Play House, as the weather may dictate, we gather to hear the Bible read to us by a group who have made the selections, and to repeat the Lord's prayer, following which campers may go with a leader to their respective churches in Fayetteville. At 10:30 we have our weekly horse show, with those participating who have not gone to church, when horses and riders do their best for Mrs. Markham and visiting parents to see.

Just before dinner [noon meal] the required weekly letter, the passport to the Sunday dinner, is written home, and when dinner is finished, the weekly camp newspaper is given out. In the afternoon we have the remaining part of the horseshow, then all campers swim for Mrs. Markham and their parents who may be present. After this we all go to the lawn of the Big House for an outdoor tea supper. After Vespers around the piano in the big rooms inside (sometimes a Bible story is enacted here for the rest of us by one of the groups), the day and the week are done.

Our usual daily program is as follows:

7:00	Reveille
7:45	Weight taking and camp inspection
8:00	Breakfast
8:45-11:30	Activities
11:45-12:25	Rest and preparation for noon meal
12:30	Noon meal
1:00	Free period
2:15-4:45	Activities
5:00-5:25	Rest and preparation for evening meal

5:30	Evening meal
6:00-8:15	Visiting and quiet play, followed by tennis, archery, rifle practice, possibly a dip in the pool or an evening ride, programs, campfires, and parties.
7:15	Younger campers (ten or eleven and younger) leave for their camp fields.
8:15	Taps, younger campers. Older campers start to their camp fields.
9:15	Taps, older campers.

At 7:40 and 8:40 graham crackers and milk are served at the camps. Campers receiving boxes of fruit, cake, or candy from home pass them at this time. These are kept in the custody of the leader and brought out only at this hour.

Before reveille at seven in the morning campers, whose weight charts are satisfactory and who have slept in either the period preceding or following the noon meal, are allowed to rise and quietly leave their camp fields for a game of tennis, a stroll with a leader, or a morning ride.

Horseback riding, swimming, tennis, archery, riflery, hiking, baseball, basketball, soccer, and other outdoor games are the sports of the camp. All of these are under competent leaders and instructors. Beginners in horseback riding are carefully taught how to conduct themselves while near a horse and take their first lessons and do their first practice in the ring. Accomplished riders learn to do formation work here. Trails lead down three sides of the mountain to valley roads which call for a canter, then up the sides of other mountains where we again have the world beneath us. Our horses vary in temperament from spirited to very gentle, and the campers, in their growing ability, "graduate" from one "school" of horse to the next. All of the horses are our own. A number of them have been known to our campers for many summers past. Some of them were born at camp, and others have been acquired through the years. No camper is allowed to ride a horse except in company with a leader. Overnight horseback trips are the privilege of each experienced and thoughtful rider. Boys and girls learn to care for the needs of a horse at Hilltop.

The same careful attention is given the camper at the pool. Younger campers are taught not to go near the pool except in the presence of a leader, and no camper may enter the pool unless the swimming instructor or one of his assistants is present. Swimming is taught in the most approved manner. Campers are asked to have at least three swimming lessons a week, and accomplished swimmers to set a definite goal of progress for themselves, while beginners, from learning how to keep up in the water and to be fearless of it, soon acquire a degree of skill. Games played in the pool from water polo and water tennis to "dibble dabble" all seem equally enjoyable.

Riflery and archery are very interesting to certain of our campers.

Evangeline's Cottage, on the camp property, was built in 1929 by Joy Markham's sister, Evangeline Pratt Waterman Archer. Her first husband was Julian Waterman, first dean of the University of Arkansas Law School. Photograph, ca. 2019, by Lisa Orton.

Bows and arrows belonging to the campers and the rifle belonging to the camp are kept in a locked cabinet by the leader in charge, and taken out when two or three go together to the archery or rifle range, where they are taught the proper handling of the gun or bow and are given practice in the use of them.

Our boys and girls do work in leather, metal, clay, and in weaving adapted to their ages and degrees of skill. They work with the hammer and saw, making bird houses, small sail and motor boats, and their bows and arrows. Older skilled workers build the kayaks and an occasional glider. Some of the older girl campers learn weaving on the large looms which are available for our use at "The Lodge," a mountain handcraft workshop near the edge of Fayetteville, where they may make linen towels, rugs, or the homespun for their fall suits.

Ballroom and folk dancing are taught to those who wish these lessons. Often the older boys and girls will dance together in the evenings after supper, and on weekends we may combine a dance with a costume party. Sometimes talented dancers give a recital for the rest of the camp.

There are two practice pianos on which campers may keep up their piano practice at camp. If the parent wishes it, a leader is assigned them during the practice period. Piano lessons may be taken at a moderate extra charge. French and Spanish lessons under excellent teachers may also be had. We are fortunate in being near a University town where the best of teachers can be obtained. Occasionally we have a talented girl or boy who wishes to study drawing and painting during the summer. Mrs. Markham, whose work was first as a painter and who had the privilege of studying with George Bellows, brings suitable teachers for these to Hilltop upon request. The campers learn to sing their camp songs and many other beautiful songs together at camp. In summers when a sufficient number

of campers playing orchestral instruments are enrolled, an orchestra leader is included on the staff.

Planning for our campers individually, providing for their needs spiritually and mentally as well as physically, as the summer camp has such an exceptional opportunity to do, leaders are chosen at Hilltop who furnish the best examples in character and mind to our campers. At camp, the best in the boy or girl appears. If there is someone there to encourage it, this steps farther out, to greet the sunshine, and the individual expands.

Putting the child into the out of doors is like placing him in a wonderful library. All knowledge is there and is his when he has the eyes to see, ears to hear, and knows how to look beneath the covers and search through the pages. Developing the seeing eye and the hearing ear is like learning to read. Having a wise companion is like having someone to direct us to the books which are most helpful to us along the paths of our progress. At camp we find "books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Campers who are overweight or underweight receive the same careful attention that is given to each individual, with exercise, rest, and food rightly apportioned. Campers [who are underweight] begin to put on weight and often make surprising growth in stature after the opening weeks of camp. Campers who are overweight begin to be more active and gain at camp a start in habits of eating and living that have always resulted in a trim, hardy form following not long after their first summer at camp. With excellent physicians and nurses available within ten minutes in Fayetteville, there is no necessity for a resident physician or nurse at camp. Our health measures are those of constant, watchful care. Parents are kept informed of the exact physical condition of the boy or girl at camp.

Every attention is given to sanitary conditions in the dining hall and kitchen. Garbage is carefully disposed of. The dining room is kept free of flies. The best of water and milk is served with our meals, with hot chocolate at breakfast on cool mornings. Coffee or tea are not served. Our meals are prepared from the best of ingredients by an excellent southern cook, assisted by another who bakes our bread at the Big House. Camp time is fruit time in the Ozarks. Beginning in June with red raspberries and cherries, the successive weeks bring their gifts of blackberries, dew berries, plums, summer apples, and peaches, until they culminate in August with a munificence of home-grown watermelons, cantaloupe, and luscious grapes of many colors. Southern biscuits and blueberry muffins, fried chicken, and ice cream two or more times a week are items of our meals. Our leaders do not smoke.

Hilltop campers are of various religious denominations. Mrs. Markham is a Christian Scientist. The boys and girls who are Scientists are given from 20 minutes to an hour each weekday, according to their ages, in which to study their weekly lesson, which they do with Mrs. Markham

or a leader who is a Scientist. Other campers whose parents wish them to study their Sunday School lessons daily are given this opportunity, with a leader to help them, if this is desired.

The camp tuition fee for the season of 1938 is again at the new low rate of $190.00 for the season of eight weeks. Horseback riding is included within this fee. If riding is not desired, $25 is deducted from the fee. If more than three rides a week (and in the horse show on Sundays) are desired, these may be had at a proportionate extra charge. The camp fee covers all but special music, French, Spanish, or art lessons, tutoring, and laundry. Ten dollars should be sufficient to cover laundry expense for the season.

Fifteen dollars is deposited with the camp for the personal expenses of the camper, which are incurred for Kodak supplies, materials used in the workshops, haircuts, and occasional picture show, etc., in addition to 25 cents each week to the younger campers and 50 cents a week to the older campers for spending money. The campers are instructed in the use of check books which provide an accounting of how their money is spent. Parents are requested not to allow the camper more than the allotted $15 unless the camp asks for it.

Khaki or tan shorts and shirts or blouses with bitter-sweet tie for the girls and "Hilltop blue" tie for the boys, with brown sweater and socks are the basis of our camp uniform. There is one white outfit for Sundays. A list of required clothes and other equipment is sent to each enrolled camper as soon as the enrollment is received. Every provision is made to help the campers to care for their belongings, but the camp cannot be held responsible for loss from any cause.

Applications for apprentice leaderships are gladly received and are given careful consideration. Tuition for apprentice leaders is $145.00, with horseback riding, for the camp season.

The camp season of 1938 is from June 9 to August 4. Campers are accepted by the week during August or for the August season of four weeks.

Our summer temperature calls usually for two woolen blankets at night, and in the middle of the day is fine for a swim. It is rare that one blanket is not used, and occasionally the three woolen blankets which the camper brings are required. The water in our pool is cool, not cold.

Hilltop is within three hours' motoring distance over paved roads from Tulsa, Oklahoma, and six hours from Oklahoma City, Little Rock, and Kansas City. St. Louis, Memphis, and Dallas are about an equal 350 miles' distance to the northeast, southeast, and southwest, respectively.

New campers are admitted upon interview with a Hilltop representative or upon satisfactory recommendation.

Two Fayetteville Houses Placed on National Register

By Bill Bowden

The Marsh / Clark House
The John Williams House

The Marsh / Clark House, east façade, facing west. Photo courtesy Arkansas Historic Preservation Program. Photo by Mason Toms.

Two Fayetteville houses designed by well known Arkansas architects have been added to the National Register of Historic Places. The Arkansas Historic Preservation Program made the announcement on February 19, 2020.

Bill Bowden is a reporter for the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette. He is also a photographer.

THE MARSH / CLARK HOUSE

E. Fay Jones designed a house for Joe Marsh and Maxine Clark at 1724 Rockwood Trail in Fayetteville, according to the nomination prepared by Callie Williams, education and outreach coordinator with the state program. The house was built in 1959-1961.

"The house was originally designed as an open floor plan house with a central living space bracketed by bedrooms, one to the north and one to the south," wrote Williams. "The eastern end of the house was designed as a two-story height living space encased in glass and stone, while the western end of the house was dedicated to a wide car shelter and storage area."

The John Williams House, north façade, looking south. Photo courtesy Arkansas Historic Preservation Program. Photo by Mason Toms.

The design reflects Jones' use of natural material to complement its setting in the Arkansas landscape, according to the nomination.

The Marsh / Clark house is located on the eastern slope of Mount Sequoyah. It faces slightly south of west, with a main entry facing toward Rockwood Trail to the south of the house.

"The house is nestled into the landscape, which slopes dramatically away from the house site to the north and east, allowing views of the surrounding landscape from the eastern facade of the house," Williams

wrote in the nomination form. "The house was designed to be a partially split-level structure, with a two-story height living space at the eastern end of the house, set below the level of the rest of the house. The rest of the house is one story. This layout was due in large part to the sloping nature of the property."

A rock wall near the intersection of the driveway and Rockwood Trail is topped with Jones' iconic metal and wood lanterns. The house was constructed mainly of native stone with a shallow stone foundation. The roof structure is composed of wooden beams and rafters with composition shingles. The main portion of the house is topped by a slow-sloped, gabled roof, wrote Williams.

"The design of the house reflects the philosophy and principles of organic design that characterized Fay Jones' architectural career," according to the nomination. "The design also reflects his focus on details that fit within the overall design aesthetic of each project and the beauty of native natural materials nestled within the Arkansas landscape, a consideration especially important for the Clarks, who were passionate about understanding and preserving the right natural heritage of the Ozarks."

Jones was a nationally renowned architect who had a studio in Fayetteville for decades and was the first dean of the University of Arkansas School of Architecture.

The Clarks lived in the house until 1998, when Joe Marsh Clark was 96. Maxine Clark passed away in 1988.

The John Williams House

The other Fayetteville house that made the National Register in February 2020 was designed by John G. Williams and served as his home at 140 N. Sang Ave. It was built in 1969-70.

Williams was an architect and founder of the Fay Jones School of Architecture at the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville.

"The house was designed in the organic style of mid-century modern architecture, following ideas created by Frank Lloyd Wright," according to the nomination, prepared by J. Mason Toms of the state preservation program.

The house is relatively low and long in nature, according to the nomination.

Toms described the house as built on a modified cruciform plan with the carport composing a majority of the west wing. Bedrooms are in the south and east wings, with other living spaces in the north wing and the body of the house.

"The exterior walls are covered in wood vertical board siding punctuated by large sections of glazing," wrote Toms. "The house's roof is a cross-gable design with varying pitches and deep eaves with beveled fascia."

The house retains much of its original appearance, according to the nomination.

"Since the John G. Williams House #2 has never left the hands of the Williams family, the house displays a remarkable level of integrity," wrote Toms. "There have been no significant alterations to the architecture of the house since its completion in 1970."

The house stands as one of the best examples of John G. Williams' work, according to the nomination. It exhibits "the highest form that Williams' individual architectural style ever achieved," wrote Toms.

June 30 Deadline Near for 12th Annual WCHS History Writing Competition

Submissions for the WCHS 12th annual writing competition are due by June 30 to qualify for the Walter J. Lemke Prize and the Lessie Stringfellow Read Prize. Winners will receive $250.

Topics can address any aspect of Washington County history. The competition is open to both professional and amateur historians.

• The Walter J. Lemke Prize is awarded for the best article on Washington County history; preference given to subjects outside Fayetteville.

• The Lessie Stringfellow Read Prize is awarded for the best article about Fayetteville.

Submissions are judged on contributions to knowledge about county history, originality of subject, and use of primary and secondary sources. They must be original material, not previously published; typed; include endnotes; and have a length of 2,000-4,000 words.

The title page should be headed: "WCHS Prize," followed by the submission's full title, the author's name, mailing address, phone number, and email.

Deadline is June 30, 2021.

Submit to Patsy G. Watkins: email (pwatkins@uark.edu), or mail (Lemke Prize, Washington County Historical Society, 118 E. Dickson Street, Fayetteville, Arkansas 72701. Contact Watkins with any questions.

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65	4.7%	Husband 65, Wife 60	4.0%
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75	5.8%	Husband 75, Wife 70	5.8%
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